

looked upon Martha with a more affectionate eye than upon Mark; and they found more delight in reading Salman than Solomon."

Books were so scarce that when one was borrowed, a bond was required for its preservation from injury. When any one presented a book to a convent he was said to do it *pro remedio anime sue*—for the health of his soul. So great indeed was the privilege of owning a book, that a plate in one of their books represents the Deity on the Sabbath in the act of reading. Knowledge was scattered to the four winds and truth hidden in a well.

Doctor Robertson says:—"During this long period, the human mind, neglected, uncultivated and depressed continued in the most profound ignorance. Europe, during four centuries produced few authors who merit to be read either on account of the elegance of their composition or the justness and novelty of their sentiments.—There are few inventions useful or ornamental to society of which this long period can boast." In short it may with propriety be said that "darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people."

Let us now turn to our own age. We are not now dependant on the monk or priest for knowledge, we can study and think for ourselves. We are more in danger of being the *helliones librorum* than we are of perishing for lack of knowledge. The laborer and the mechanic are no longer trudging along the beaten track of their trades, but now aspire to know the principles in science connected with their respective occupations, and are not obliged to seek this knowledge in the cloisters of an abbey or the corridors of the convent.

Lectures are being delivered for the middle and lower classes on the various branches of science. Then we have the Mechanics' Institute, Reading Rooms, Libraries, Cheap Books, Periodicals, and Magazines of the day, all which are within the reach of almost any one who wishes to use them. The libraries of Ptolemy and Augustus are excelled by almost any common circulating library. The oligarchy of literature is becoming a republic. The crescent vanes and Turkey is opening for the reception of knowledge. China, too, is accessible for the teacher and missionary. One of the effects of this diffusion of knowledge is the growing desire for peace. Men do not relish War as formerly and are showing a preference for peace. How much more preferable is it to see iron made into plough-shares than into swords, a steam engine than a gun manufactory, and a railway station than military barracks, and after all more pleasant to hear the railroad whistle than the warlike fife and rolling drum.

A spirit of philanthropy marks the age. Among the noblest of the many great benevolent movements of the day is the Temperance movement. Who, 100 years ago, would have thought of establishing such institutions as the Sons, Daughters and Cadets of Temperance? The drunkard was pitied and moderation recommended, but beyond this absolutely nothing was done.

Now measures suited to the progress of the age are introduced. Total abstinence, the true antidote to drunkenness, is brought forward and shown to be the only city of refuge for the drunkard, the only haven of rest where he can rest his troubled soul. And I hope that we may soon see the whole civilized world form one great and noble cold water army and instead of the friends of Temperance being as they now are in the minority that they may soon be the overwhelming majority. Prospects brighten as the age proceeds, and the cause progresses not only in numbers but in zeal for the welfare of mankind. The Ragged Schools, Penitentiaries, Deaf, Dumb, Blind, Orphan and Insane Asylums, Juvenile Reformation

Societies, and many others of the same kind, show the great philanthropic spirit of the day.

Living in the midst of such improvements should we not be thankful that our lot is cast in the 19th century? Let us take advantage of the advancement of the age, improving ourselves as we are able.

Our age though greatly advanced is not perfect, though it has surpassed the past, it will yet be surpassed by the future.

Everything is in progress; a glorious era is at hand. Greater discoveries in science have yet to be made, nobler inventions in art to come to light.

We have only entered on the glorious era in which if we live we are destined to take our respective parts.

The rising generation will ere long take the place of their fathers, to search still deeper into things before hidden.

Let us prepare to act our parts in the great drama. Many will go to and fro and knowledge will be increased. All opposition will be done away before the coming of the glorious time.—All things help on its advent, adverse things are compelled to yield, and instead of retarding the progress of things will form a new impulse.

Let us look forward to it with hope, let us aid it with our might, all things are aiding it, and let us not resist it.

There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a warmth about to flow,
There is a flower about to blow,
There is a midnight blackness changing,
Into grey,
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen,
Aid it hopes of honest men,
Aid it paper, aid it type,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play,
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Scientific.

NEWLY-INVENTED STEAM-ENGINE.—We witnessed a day or two ago, the trial of a newly invented engine, which, we should say, is destined to supersede that class of engines now in general use. The inventor is Mr. John Dodd, of West Flamboro', who has devoted much time to the study of mechanics. Were we at full liberty, we should hardly know how to describe it, so as to convey a correct idea of its simplicity and completeness. It differs, however, entirely from the common steam engine, both in principle and construction. The model we saw is estimated at one horse power, yet it seemed to us to accomplish with perfect ease what the common engines of double or treble the power are often engaged in; such for instance, as driving a circular saw. Attached to the shaft was one of these fifteen inches in diameter, and a piece of hard-wood plank was sawed into strips with the most perfect ease. Afterwards a much thicker piece of plank was placed on the platform, and we could perceive no difference in the velocity of the same. The entire engine may be put into a box about the size of a common candle box, and is perfect within itself, requiring no other fitting than being attached to a common steam boiler. We understand that the inventor intends to have his engine patented both here and in the United States and in England; to which latter place he will proceed with a model

for exhibition at the World's Fair in May next.—*Dundas Warder.*

The Bordeaux papers have been much occupied of late, with the discussion of a great discovery which has recently been made in that city, and of which the *Gazette* gives the following account:

"The new discovery which has just been made at Bordeaux, occupies, at present, the minds of all. By means of this ingenious invention, the pressure of a man's weight can put in motion a weight of 200 Kilogrammes, (about 425 lbs.) placed at the extremity of a shaft about 40 inches in length. The swiftness is double that of the rotations of the steam engine, under comparative circumstances; but this swiftness may be increased at will, for it depends upon the pressure imparted; so also, with the force, which augments in proportion to the length of the shaft, and the weight placed at its extremity.

The machine in question has been inspected by a large number of scientific persons, all of whom have been surprised at the reality of this discovery. Steam, in consequence of this discovery, will be almost entirely dethroned, as a motive power. The weight of the steam-engine, with its accessories, its fuel, and the space which they occupy in ships, will be replaced by a weight equal to about the tenth of that of a single boiler, and occupying a space of 13 feet in length by six and a half in width, at the most, for machines of great power."

ELECTRO BIOLOGY.—Sir David Brewster, it seems, has become a convert to that part of Animal Magnetism called Electro Biology, and which consist in willing a person to be somebody else. After describing some wonderful experiments, made in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, by a Mr. Darling, he says, "they were all as convinced as I was, that the phenomena which we witnessed were real phenomena, and as well established as any other facts in physical science. The process by which the operator produces them—the mode by which that process acts upon the mind of the patient—and the reference of the phenomena to some general law in the constitution of man—may long remain unknown; but it is not difficult to see in the recent discoveries of M. Du Bois Reymond and Matteucci, and in the laws which regulate the relative intensity of the external and internal impressions on the nerves of sensation, some not very indistinct indications of that remarkable process by which minds of peculiar sensibility are temporarily placed under the dominion of physical influences developed and directed by some living agent."

The Oldest Woman in the World.

We have recently (says the Gateshead *Observer*) received a lock of a lady's hair. Gentle reader do not smile too soon. Formerly it was raven black; it is now snow white—bleached by one hundred and nineteen winters. Mary Benton, from whose tresses it was shorn, was born at Keverson, near Raby Castle, in the county of Durham, on the 12th of February, 1721; and on the 3rd of December, 1819, she sent her old friend, Mr. John Hinchliffe, the respected parish clerk of Cockfield, where she was christened, a lock of her life hair, in tender acknowledgment of her continued remembrance and regard.—Mr. Hinchliffe, on presenting a portion of the keepsake to a friend, raised himself up to his full height, and said, "She is as fresh as I am (his own age is 72)—walks right upon end—feeds her hens and chickens—wears no spectacles—can hear well—and was helping at harkmaking at Elton in 1813." He might have added, "and dancing in the autumn of the following year." What follows, we derive from the information of a lady who lately visited Mary Benton, and found her engaged in washing her own clothes. Her father's name was Ralph Ledge, who